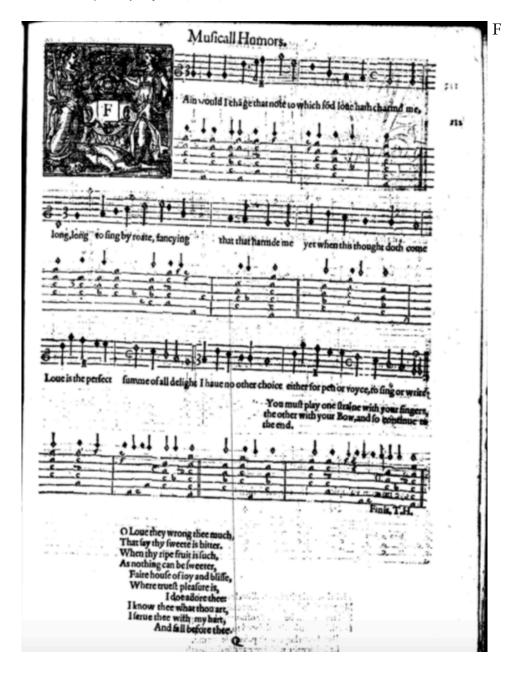
"Fain would I change that note" Tobias Hume (c. 1579-1645) from *First part of Ayres* (1605)

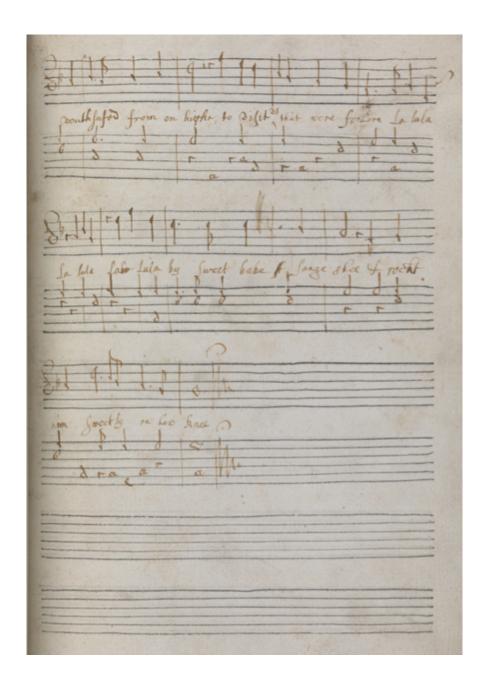


Fain would I change that note
To which fond love hath charmd me,
Long, long to sing by roate,
Fancying that that harmde me
yet when this thought doth come
Love is the perfect summe
of all delight.
I have no other choice
either for pen or voyce,
to sing or write.

O Love they wrong thee much,
That say thy sweete is bitter,
When thy ripe fruit is such,
As nothing can be sweeter,
Faire house of joy and blisse,
Where truest pleasure is,
I doe adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my hart,
And fall before thee.

"Sweet was the song the Virgin sung" Anonymous from William Ballet's Lutebook (c. 1590)

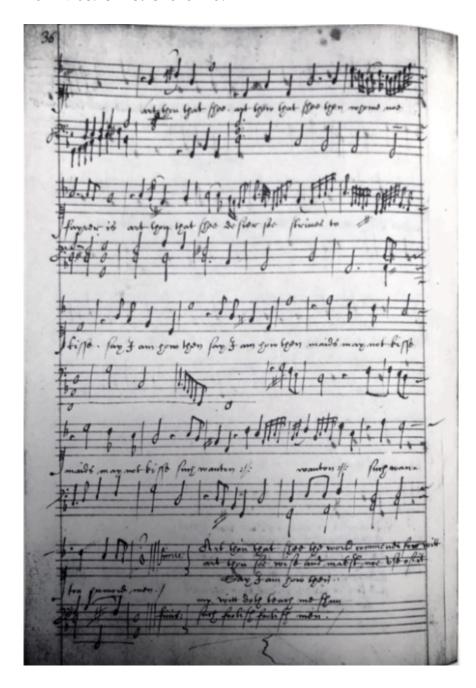




Sweet was the song the virgin sung, when she to Bethlem Juda came, and was deliver'd of a Son, That blessed Jesus hath to name.

Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby, Sweet Babe, sung she, my son, And eke a Saviour born Who has vouchsafed from on high To visit us that were forlorn; Lalulaby Sweet Babe sang she, And rockt him sweetly on her knee.

"Art thou that she" Anonymous from Mus. Christ Church 439



"Art thou that she than whom no fairer is?

Art thou that she desire so strives to kiss?"

"Say I am, how then?

Maids may not kiss

Such wanton-humoured men."

"Amarilli, mia bella" Anonymous, after Giulio Caccini (1551-1618) from Egerton 2971





Amarilli, mia bella, non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio, D'esser tu l'amor mio? Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale, Dubitar non ti vale. Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core: Amarilli è il mio amore.

Amaryllis, my love,
Do you not believe, oh
my heart's sweet desire,
That you are my love?
Believe it, then: and if
fear besets you,
For you to doubt is not worth it.
Open my breast and you will see written in my heart:
Amarilli is my love.





ed. Mary Cyr

"Faire women like faire jewels are" Robert Jones (c. 1577-1617) from The Second Booke of Ayres (1601)



The way to purchase truth in loue,
If such way there be anie,
Must be to give her leave to roue,
And hinder one by manie,
Beleeve thou must that she is sayte,
When poyloned tongues does ting her,
Rich I cwels beare the felle fame hew,
Put yoon anie finger.

Theperfect of mind and shape,
Must looke for defamations,
Liue how they will they cannot scape,
Their persons are temperations,
Them let the world condemne my choyse,
As laughing at my follie,
If the be kind the selfe tame voyce,
Is speed of the most hollie.

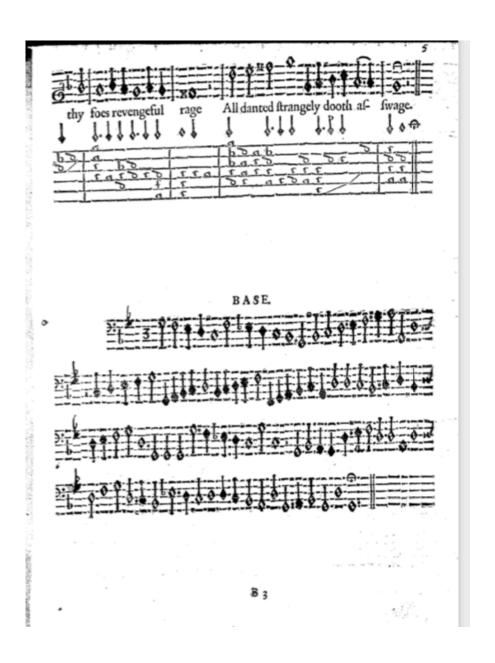


Faire women like faire jewels are, whose worth lies in opinion, to praise them al must be his care that goes about to win one, & when he hath her once obtain'd, to her face he must her flatter, but not to others least he move their eies to level at her.

The way to purchase truth in love, If such way there be anie, Must be to give her leave to rove, And hinder one by manie, Beleeve thou must that she is fayre, When poisoned tongues doe sting her, Rich Jewels beare the selfe same hew, Put upon anie finger.

The perfectest of mind and shape, Must looke for defamations. Live how they will they cannot scape, Their persons are temptations, Then let the world condemne my choyse, As laughing at my follie, If she be kind the selfe same voyce, Is spred of the most hollie. "Eternal Lord, th'illustrous fame" Robert Tailour (fl. 1610, died before 1637) from *Sacred Hymns* (1615)



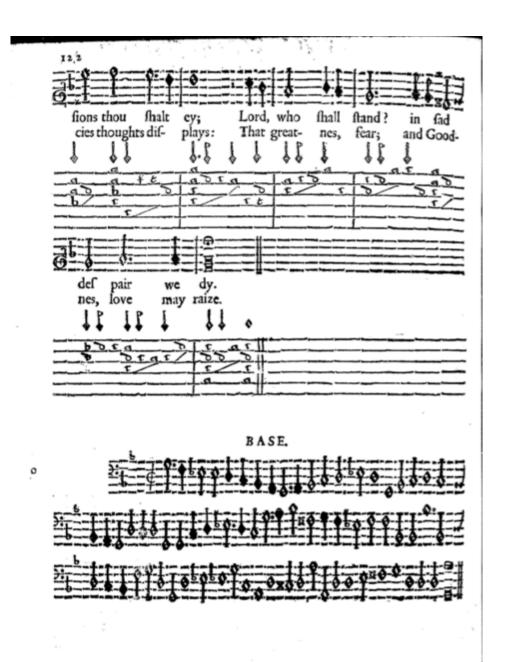


Eternal Lord; th'illustrous fame
That sounds through world thy glorious name!
Whose greatnes fair transcends the skys;
Whose goodnes earth dooth not despize.
Even tender lips of infants yong
Thy grace inspires with praiseful song:
Whose force thy foes revengeful rage
All danted strangely dooth asswage.

The cattle myld his service bear:
Yea beasts most wyld his frouns doo fear:
What flying wing the air divides,
What swimming fin through water glides,
What creeping thing in sea or land,
Hast all subjected to his hand.
O Lord, our Lord; what glorious fame
Resounds through world thy gracious name!

"Out from the deep" Robert Tailour (fl. 1610, died before 1637) from *Sacred Hymns* (1615)





Out from the deep, to thee o Lord I cry:
From place far off; yet thow good Lord be nigh.
Lord hear my voice, and with attentive ear
Receive the plaints which humbled soule dooth rear.
If strictly Lord transgressions thou shalt ey;
Lord who shal stand? in sad despair we dy.
But Justice thyn still mercies thoughts displays:
That Greatnes, fear; and Goodnes love may raize.

"The Heavens declare the glori of God" Robert Tailour (fl. 1610, died before 1637) from *Sacred Hymns* (1615)





The heavens declare the glory of God, that worlds great arch foorthtels, His handiwork we are himself, who thousand heavens excels. Both day to day resounds these words, and night to night inures This knowledge high; which viewing ey to muzing mynd assures. No speech, no language and er sky, which hath not heard their voice: Their words through earth to ends of world run ruled with glorious noise.

He here the Sun in bour hath placed: the Sun, like bridegrome brave Who coming foorth, like Giant stout to run his race dooth crave.
His course from utmost end of heaven he takes, and round amain
By mighti compass to utmost end of heaven returns again.
His glitt'ring rays all guild the world: no less his quic'ning heat,
What earth, what air, what sea containth, cheers up with comfort great.

"Tis true, tis day"
William Corkine (fl. 1610-1617)
from *The Second Booke of Ayres* (1612)



2 Light hath no tongue, but is all Eye,
If it could speake as well as spee,
This were the worst that it could say,
That bang well I faine would say,
And that I loue my hart and honor so
That I would not from him that hath them goe.

Ift bulineffe that doth you remove ?
Oh, that's the worlt disease of Loue,
The poore, the foule, the false, loue can
Admir, but not the busied man:
He that hath bulineffe, and makes loue doth doe,
Such wrong as if a marryed man should woe.

Tis true, tis day, what though it be? and will you therefore rise from me? What will you rise, because tis light? Did we lye downe because twas Night? Love that in spight of darknesse brought us hither, In spight of Light should keepe us still together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all Eye,
If it could speake as well as spye,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well I faine would stay.
And that I love my hart and honor so
That I would not from him that hath them goe.

Ist businesse that doth you remove? Oh, that's the worst disease of Love, The poore, the foule, the false, love can Admit, but not the busied man:

He that hath businesse, and makes love doth doe, Such wrong as if a marryed man should woe. "Sleep wayward thoughts" John Dowland (1563-1626)

from The First Booke of Songs or Ayres (1597)



But, O the fury of my reflieffe feare I
The hidden anguith of my flefth defires I
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Betweene her browes, neere Cupids closed fires,
Thus while fire fleeps, moues fighing for her fake:
So fleeps my loue, and yet my loue doch wake.

My loue doth rage, and yet my loue doth reft:
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue fecure:
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue oppreft:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
Sleepe, dainry loue, while I ligh for thy fake:
So fleepe my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.



Sleep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love: let not my love bee with my love diseas'd.

Touch not proud hands, lest you her anger move: but pine you with my longings long displeasd.

Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake:

So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

But, O the fury of my restlesse feare!
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Betweene her browes, neere Cupids closed fires.
Thus while she sleeps, moves sighing for her sake:
So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest: Feare in my love, and yet my love secure: Peace in my love, and yet my love opprest: Impatient, yet of perfect temperature. Sleepe, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake. "To the most high and mighty Prince Charles" John Coprario (c. 1570-1626) from *Songs of Mourning* (1613)

## 3 TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY Prince Charles.





Fortune and Glory may be lost and woone, But when the worke of Nature is undone

That losse flyes past returning, No helpe is left but mourning.

What can to kind youth more despightfull prove Then to be rob'd of one sole Brother?

Father and Mother

Aske reverence, a Brother onely love:

Like age, and birth, like thoughts, and pleasures move:

What gayne can he heape up though showers of Crownes descend

Who for that good must change a brother and a friend?

Follow, O follow yet thy Brothers fame,

But not his fate, lets onely change the name,

And finde his worth presented

In thee, by him prevented:

Or past example of the dead be great,

Oute of thy selfe begin thy storie:

Virtue, and glorie

Are eminent being plac't in princely feate:

Oh heav'n his age prolong with sacred heate,

And on his honoured head let all the blessings light Which to his brother life men wish't, and wish't them right.

"Beauty and Love once fell at odds" Henry Lawes (1596-1662) from John Playford, Select Musicall Ayres and Dialogues (1653)

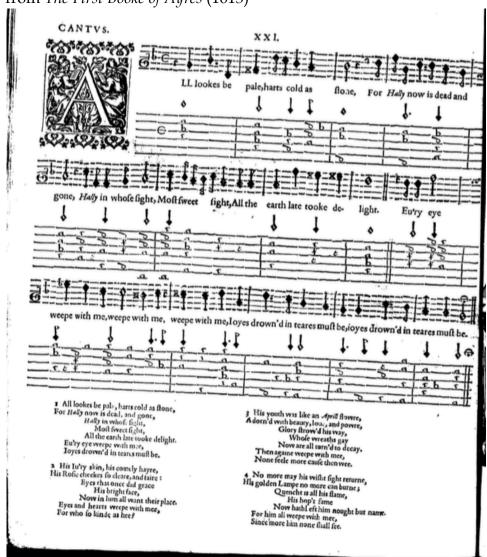


Beauty and Love once fell at ods, And thus revil'd each other. Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods, And you wait on my mother, Thou hast no pow'r o're man at all, But what I gave to thee; Nor art thou longer faire or sweet, Then men acknowledge me.

Away fond boy, then Beauty sayd, We see that thou art blind, But men have knowing eyes, and can My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know, And cal'd thee blind desire:
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow, And wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to Vulcan pray'd
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish this proud Mayd:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an houre,
To love a day is now a sin
'Gainst Cupid and his power.

"All Lookes be Pale" Thomas Campion (1567-1620) from *The First Booke of Ayres* (1613)





All lookes be pale, harts cold as stone,
For Hally now is dead, and gone,
Hally in whose sight,
Most sweet sight,
All the earth late tooke delight.
Ev'ry eye weepe with mee,
Joyes drown'd in teares must be.

His youth was like an *Aprill* flowre,
Adorn'd with beauty, love, and powre,
Glory strow'd his way,
Whose wreaths gay
Now are all turn'd to decay.
Then againe weepe with mee,
None feele more cause then wee.

No more may his wisht sight returne,
His golden Lampe no more can burne;
Quencht is all his flame,
His hop't fame
Now hath left him nought but name.
For him all weepe with mee,
Since more him none shall see.

"Come again, sweet love doth now invite" John Dowland (1563-1626) from *The First Booke of Songs or* Ayres (1597)



Z
Come againe that I may ceafe to mourne,
Through thy which diffaine:
For now left and for lorne,
I fir, I figh, I weepe, I faint, I die,
In deadly pame and endlelle miferie.

All the day the funthat lends me faine,
By frownes doth cause me pine,
And feeds mee with delay:
(grow,
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my loyes to
Her smoother winters of my woe:

All the night my fleepes are full of dreames, My eyes are full of ftreames. My heart takes no delight, To fee the fruits and ioy eath at fome do find. And marke the flormes are mee affignde.

Out also, my faith is cuertrue,
Yet will the neuer rue,
Nor yeeld me any grace:
Her eyes of fire, her heart of fiint is made,
Whom teares, nor truth may once inuade.

Gentle love draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canfil not peerce her heart.
For I that doe approve,
By light and teares more hot then are thy shafts,
Did tempt while the fortriumph laughs.



Come again: sweet love doth now envite, thy graces that refraine, to do me due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, with thee againe in sweetest simphathy.

Come againe that I may cease to mourne, Through thy unkind disdaine, For now left and forlorne: I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die, In deadly paine, and endless miserie.